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"The Phalanx of 1830"

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Biographical Notes and Appreciations

OF THE PAINTERS REPRESENTED

JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT

1796–1874

Was there ever a happier man than Père Corot, or one better loved by his friends? Happiness and lovableness breathe from his pictures. He had inherited the wholesome hardiness of the middle-class French character; its orderliness and balance, and its shrewd, genial, sprightly cheerfulness. His father, a hair-dresser in the Rue du Bac, number 37, married a milliner's assistant, who worked at number 1, near the Pont Royal. Two years after the birth of Camille, Madame Corot took over the millinery business, and with such success that under Napoleon I. Corot became court milliner. He sent his son to the high school at Rouen, and afterwards apprenticed him to a linen-draper's establishment. When Camille was twenty-three his father yielded to his desire to be an artist, and promised him a yearly allowance of twelve hundred francs, which he doubled twenty-three years later, when his son received the cross of the Legion of Honor; for, as he said, "Camille seems to have talent after all."

Corot entered the studio of Victor Bertin, and for five years pursued the orthodox course of classic training, afterwards visiting Rome and Naples in the company of his master. There he remained two and a half years, returning in 1827 to exhibit at the Salon. Other visits to Italy were made in 1835 and 1845; and it was only after this third visit that his eyes were opened to the charm of French landscape. He was nearly forty years old when he set himself to become the new Corot whom the world now knows and delights in, and ten years were passed in maturing his new ideals. Troyon was forty-five when he formed himself, and had only ten years left in which to do the real work of his life; but Corot, although fifty when his art was finally ripened, had yet another twenty-five years in which to gather the harvest.

He had discovered the secret of rendering air and light. The "Christ upon the Mount of Olives," painted in 1844, and now in the Museum of Langres, is the first picture which seems like a convert's confession of faith. One might pass the Christ over unobserved; but the star shining far away, the transparent clearness of the night-sky, the light clouds, and the mysterious shadows gliding swiftly over the ground—these have no more to do with the false, and already announce the true, Corot. In the most characteristic works of his best period he represents the antipodes of his friend Rousseau. Rousseau was dispassionately objective in his point of view, a master of form and construction, rich in color, while Corot, weaker in drawing, saw objects in masses, narrowed the range of his palette, delighting particularly in dark olive greens and pure grays, and vied nature as a medium for the expression of his own poet-dreams: the one magnificently powerful, the other infinitely tender. "Rousseau is an eagle," Corot himself said, "while I am a lark that pulses forth little songs in my gray clouds."

His father had given him, in 1817, a little house at Ville d'Avray, and here or at Barbizon he spent his time when he was not at Paris. How he felt toward nature (for feeling was eminently the method of his approach) may be gathered from a letter to Jules Dupré, in which he describes the day of a landscape

painter: "One gets up early, at three in the morning, before the sun; one goes and sits at the foot of a tree; one watches and waits. One sees nothing much at first. Nature resembles a whitish canvas on which are sketched scarcely the profiles of some masses; everything is perfumed, and shines in the fresh breath of dawn. Bing! The sun grows bright, but has not yet torn asunder the veil behind which lie concealed the meadows, the dale, and hills of the horizon. The vapors of night still creep, like silvery flakes, over the numbed-green vegetation. Bing! Bing!—a first ray of sunlight—a second ray of sunlight—the little flowers seem to wake up joyously. They all have their drop of dew which trembles—the chilly leaves are stirred with the breath of morning—in the foliage the birds sing unseen—all the flowers seem to be saying their prayers. Loves on butterfly wings frolic over the meadow and make the tall plants wave—one sees nothing—everything is there—the landscape is entirely behind the veil of mist, which mounts, mounts, sucked up by the sun; and, as it rises, reveals the river, plated with silver, the meadows, trees, cottages, the receding distance—one distinguishes at last everything that one divined at first."

How spontaneous a commentary upon his pictures of early morning—nature in masses, fresh and fragrant, the "numbed-green" of the vegetation, the shiver of leaves and the twinkling of flowers, the river plated with silver, and the sky suffused with misty light!

In the same letter he describes the evening: "Nature drowses—the fresh air, however, sighs among the leaves—the dew decks the velvety grass with pearls. The nymphs fly—hide themselves—and desire to be seen. Bing!—a star in the sky which pricks its image on the pool. Charming star, whose brilliance is increased by the quivering of the water, thou watchest me—thou smilest to me with half-closed eye. Bing!—a second star appears in the water, a second eye opens. Be the harbingers of welcome, fresh and charming stars! Bing! bing! bing!—three, six, twenty stars. All the stars in the sky are keeping tryst in this happy pool. Everything darkens, the pool alone sparkles. There is a swarm of stars—all yields to illusion. The sun being gone to bed—the inner sun of the soul, the sun of art, awakes. *Bon!* there is my picture done."

And very literally his pictures were done in this way during the last part of his life. Forty years of practice with the brush had rendered the actual record of the scene comparatively easy, and this he made in Paris, between which and nature he divided his affection. But the picture itself had been made during his periods of contemplation at Ville d'Avray or Barbizon. Suggestive, also, is his allusion in this letter to the nymphs, that hide themselves desiring to be seen. Corot, though foremost among the men who gave the final quietus to classical landscape, was really more classic than the classicists. More ordinary minds, like Poussin's, had been captivated by the forms of Italian landscape and the elegant pageantry of classic architecture; while the poetic spirit of Corot had found affinity with the indwelling genius of the scene. He could realize the Oreads, Dryads and Nereids sporting among the hills, groves and watercourses. They were the necessary accompaniment of the childlike glimpse of nature, the anthropomorphic view which is the child-man's. Solitude is terrible; so also the intrusion of the actual. Like the ancients, he peopled nature with beings of his own creation: sweetly impersonal, responsive only to his own mood.

To Corot life was one unbroken harmony. "Rien ne trouble sa fin, c'est le soir d'un beau jour." His sister, with whom the old bachelor lived, died in the October of 1874. On February 23d of the following year, when he had just completed his seventy-ninth year, he was heard to say as he lay in bed, drawing in the air with his fingers; "*Mon Dieu*, how beautiful that is—the most beautiful landscape I have ever seen!" On his deathbed his friends brought him the medal struck to commemorate his jubilee, and he said: "It makes me happy to know that one is so loved; I have had good parents and dear friends. I am thankful to God." With these words he passed away—the sweetest poet-painter and the "tenderest soul of the nineteenth century."

CHARLES FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY

1817–1878

Charles François Daubigny, the youngest of the men now known as the Barbizon painters, was born in Paris in 1817. His father was a teacher of drawing, and his uncle and aunt were miniature painters of enough importance to have their work exhibited at the Salon. With strong inherited artistic tastes, pencils and paint naturally became the playthings of his youth, and long before he had reached his majority they were the means of his daily livelihood. He began his artistic work by ornamenting articles of household use. He afterwards learned the art of engraving and etching, and became an illustrator of books. In painting he was a pupil of Paul Delaroche.

Defeated as a candidate for the Prix de Rome, not by competition, but because, ignorant of the rules, he was absent on the day when the preparations began, he resolutely determined to save every sou he could spare from his daily needs, in order that he might, as soon as possible, pay his own expenses to Rome. The story, as told by M. Henriet, is in substance as follows: Daubigny at this period of his youth shared his lodgings and his money with his friend Mignan, another art student. Both boys determined that they would go to Italy, and hoarded their small savings for that purpose day by day, not in a common cash-box, which they could open in a moment of weakness with a knife, but in a built-up hole in the wall of their room, which nobody could plunder without the aid of a crowbar; they lived sparingly, kept no account of their deposits, but remained in a delightful uncertainty of the rate of their accumulation till, at the end of a year, in fear and trembling they broke open the wall and let out a tinkling rivulet of small coins, which amounted to fourteen hundred francs; with this wealth and with gaiters and knapsacks they bravely set out together and walked to Rome. They spent four months in Italy, and then walked home—Mignan to marry and Daubigny to resume his old employment.

In 1836 or '7, when about twenty years of age, Daubigny went to Holland. He, too, had heard about Paul Potter's "Young Bull" and Rembrandt's "Night Watch," and wanted to see them with his own eyes.

Daubigny more than any other man of the Barbizon School, was a painter of delightful, lovable pictures. He had a singular appreciation, not only of what was lovely in itself, but what was pictorially beautiful as well. Ugliness had no place in his domain of art, least of all as a theme for technical display.

His early impressions of the country clung to him through life. His biographer, M. Henriet, says: "It is among the apple-orchards, in the pure air of the open country, that he passed his earlier years and imbibed that love of the fields which became the passion of his life." And so in 1857, when he exhibited at the Salon of that year the picture which won for him the Cross of the Legion of Honor, it is interesting to note that the subject he had chosen was "Springtime," and represents a peasant girl riding through a field of tender, upright grain, while on either side of her—the prominent features of the landscape—are groups of young apple trees, whose branches are laden with blossoms. The picture was bought by the Government, and is now in the Louvre. It is a charming work, executed with great delicacy and painstaking care, but wanting somewhat in that vigor of handling and richness of color which he attained in his later and riper works.

But although Daubigny loved the orchards, the vineyards, and the fields, it was the beauties of the Oise and the Marne and the Seine which finally furnished him the subjects of so many lovely pictures during the later and best period of his life. His preparations for sketching were original and complete. He built a large boat which he called "le Bottin," and it became at once his floating studio and his summer home. And what a charming studio it was! Albert Wolff says: "The boat used by Daubigny was arranged for long voyages; the cooking was done on board; there was a good wine-cellar; you drank deep and worked hard. The sketches accumulated, and when winter was come, Daubigny returned to Paris provisioned with the booty of art and nature, the landscapes which, toward the close of his life, collectors and dealers battled for."

With this boat for his river home, how absolutely the usual annoyances which attend a painter's work passed away! No longer now the tramp of miles to greet the fragrant, misty morn; no more the blazing heat of noon to interrupt his work; no splashing of a sudden shower to hurry him to shelter; but delightfully protected in his boat, with every appliance and needed comfort at his hand, he could paint at will at morning, noon, or evening hour, until the gathering twilight closed the labors of the day. And so, with his son Karl, and sometimes his daughter, for companions, he went up and down the rivers of France, mooring his house-boat to the bank or anchoring it in midstream, wherever a lovely spot invited him to linger. He knew every bend in the river, every bush upon its banks, every slender tree lifting its foliage toward the summer sky, every deep pool with their reflections mirrored in its depths; and these he painted with such poetic fervor and such loving care that, beholding his picture, we forget the master, forget our own selves, and see only that which entranced the artist—Nature, idyllic, serene and robed in beauty.

That Daubigny had his limitations is simply to say that he was mortal; but among modern landscape painters, it is doubtful if there can be found a man whose pictures have delighted a more numerous, more varied, more enthusiastic and more cultivated body of admirers than this painter of the rivers of France. Careful in his choice of subject in the first place, he knew no limitations as to the hour of the day in which to paint it. To him it was quite enough that the scene was beautiful. Indeed, this dominant quality of beauty, united to truth of local color and stamped with his own personality, is one of the most recognizable characteristics of his works. Who has suggested with greater charm the soft springiness of the green sod to the tread of our feet? Who with greater realism the freshness of the air and the scent of the earth after a shower? Who with greater loveliness the banks of the Seine, with its slender trees and overhanging bushes reflected in the placid waters beneath? Who with greater solemnity the hush of the night, when the pale moon mounts the sky, and sheds over hill and stream its veiled, mysterious light? Ah, all this may not be great painting, but it goes straight to the heart. Of him Edmond About says:

"The art of this illustrious master consists in choosing well a bit of country and painting it as it is, enclosing in its frame all the simple and naïve poetry which it contains. No effects of studied light, no artificial and complicated composition, nothing which allures the eyes, surprises the mind, and crushes the littleness of man. No, it is the real, hospitable and familiar country, without display or disguise, in which one finds himself so well off, and in which one is wrong not to live longer when he is there, to which Daubigny transports me without jolting each time that I stop before one of his pictures."

And thus the French author puts in words what we have all felt to be absolutely true about Daubigny's works. In them we find the most lovely scenes in nature presented with the frankness and directness of a child, but with the grasp and touch of a master. Yes, M. About is right. We do love to linger over Daubigny's pictures. In addition to many other qualities, they possess this potent charm: they are restful, peaceful, refreshing; and after the fretful annoyances of the day, which come to us all, their influence is at once a song and a benediction.

It is quite probable that other men of the Barbizon School at times were greater artists than he; they may have possessed a livelier poetic fancy; they may have displayed a nobler creative genius and wrought with a more intense dramatic power; they may have been better craftsmen and attained greater heights in the mere technique of art; but none of them possessed Daubigny's absorbing love of what was beautiful in nature for its own sake, or the exquisite sensibility and frankness with which he painted those familiar scenes which have so long delighted the lovers of the beautiful in nature, and filled their hearts with a sincere affection for the painter of "The Orchard," "The River" and "The Borders of the Sea."

ALEXANDRE GABRIEL DECAMPS

1803–1860

It is a matter of record that the picture by which Decamps, the great Orientalist of his day, made his *début* in the Salon of 1827 was a figure of a Turk, evolved from his inner consciousness. The artist had not yet visited the East, and his picture was simply an expression of the tendency of his thought and feeling. Decamps was a Parisian, born in 1803. He was sent as a boy into the country by his father, and allowed to run wild until it was time to send him to school, when he was brought back to Paris. He had developed what he himself called "the taste for daubing," and was left to work out his own method of art without parental encouragement. Stumbling blindly toward the light, learning from the pictures he saw in shop windows and galleries what pictures were, he finally, at the age of twenty-four, produced the Turk which attracted attention to him in the Salon. The subject and the method of the picture proved attractive to the public, and the young painter was encouraged to proceed. He had an ambition to paint history, and strove for the Prix de Rome in vain. It was his lifelong regret that he could not become a great historical painter, and he often bitterly complained of that neglected childhood in which he had learned such lessons of freedom and contempt for restraint that he could never afterward school himself to the arduous study necessary for success in the lofty walk of art to which he aspired. The world was the gainer by what he considered his loss. A brilliant intelligence, a fecund invention, and a facile hand enabled Decamps to earn his living as a caricaturist while he was struggling for recognition as a painter. Some of his lithograph cartoons display a mordant and deadly satire equal to the written diatribes of Juvenal. Decamps' restless spirit sent him on many wanderings, and from a visit to Asia Minor he brought back the inspiration and material for the Oriental subjects, bathed in sunlight and glowing with slumberous color, which gave him a distinctive place among the masters of the day. In his greatest success his life was not happy. He had his studio and hunting lodge in Fontainebleau, and he divided his life between painting and hunting to dissipate his broodings on his disappointment in life. He had few friends, though with Millet and other artists of his circle he was on amicable terms. Medals and honors only deepened his disgust at his inability to create monumental masterpieces. Only his great mind preserved him from total misanthropy. One day in 1860 he rode into the forest with his favorite hounds to hunt. The baying of the dogs attracted the attention of a forester, and he found one of the greatest artists of the world thrown from his horse and helpless from an injury which proved mortal.

FERDINAND VICTOR EUGÈNE DELACROIX

1799–1863

In the upheaval of the Revolution, French imagination, needing some basis for its ideals, turned back to the Roman republic. But when the French Republic had been swallowed up in Imperialism, and the latter had yielded to the bourgeois mediocrity of Louis Philippe's reign, the soul was dead in classicism, and it survived only as a dogma of the schools. Meanwhile new forces had been let loose. Goethe had sounded the romantic note in Germany, and Byron and Scott among the English. The younger generation in France had caught the ardor of it, and what Victor Hugo was in literature, Géricault and Delacroix were in painting. For the abstract type they substituted the individual; for ideal beauty, the interest of character; for suavity and plastic calm, the glow and fury of passion. Passion—love and hatred, remorse and despair—became the life and breath of the movement. Géricault's "The Raft of Medusa" had been its bugle note of rallying and defiance; and when he died, at the early age of thirty-two, Delacroix, now twenty-three, stepped into his place. In 1822 appeared his "Dante's Bark," at sight of which David exclaimed: "D'où vient-il? Je ne connais pas cette touche-là." Indeed, "there were thoughts in it which had not been conceived and expressed in the same manner since the time of Rubens." For, besides "the dramatic expression and composition marked by action" which Delecluze, in characterizing Delacroix's next picture, "Massacre of Chios," declared was a reef on which the good style of painting must inevitably be wrecked, it involved a force and meaningness of color such as the great Venetians and Rubens employed. Color was no longer merely tinting, sparingly and arbitrarily applied—it was the language in which the idea was conveyed, a torrent of emotional expression. How complete was the gulf between this kind of painting and the academical dogma that form is everything may be understood by the remark of Ingres, as he was one day taking his pupils through the Louvre. Entering the Rubens Gallery, he said: "Saluez, messieurs, mais ne regardez pas."

And this was the same gallery that had been to Delacroix the mine from which he drew a wealth of inspiration. Throughout his life the influence of Rubens clave to him. Every morning before his work began he drew an arm, a hand, or piece of drapery, after the manner of Rubens. "He had formed the habit of taking Rubens when other people were drinking their coffee." These sketches, great works in little frames, have, for the most part, it is said, found their way to this country. Yet there is a pathetic difference between the master and his disciple: Rubens was a being of joyous strength, happy and healthy; Delacroix a prey to disease, insulted on all sides, and consumed with an internal fire. In Rubens' work there is a magnificent repose; in that of Delacroix, a feverish stress of battle. It was only by force of will and by careful dieting that his frail body sufficed for the enormous work he accomplished—two thousand pictures. Delicate from childhood, he suffered in later life from a complication of diseases, and, like Goethe,

could work only in a high temperature. He was short in stature, but had a leonine head with a mane of hair, flashing eyes, and a prickly mustache—"the fascinating ugliness of genius."

In 1832 he visited Morocco, in company with an embassy sent by Louis Philippe to the Sultan Muley Abdurrahman—the first of French artists to fall under the spell of the Orient. There he saw and lived amidst the splendor of color that hitherto had existed for him only on canvas or in his imagination. He had found a new world, in which his dreams were realized. His coloring became more lucid and the dark backgrounds in which he had delighted were replaced by a bright serenity and golden lustre. Under the direct influence of the Orient he painted such pictures as the "Entry of the Crusaders into Constantinople," which has been described as resembling "an old delicately tinted carpet, full of powerful, tranquil harmony," and "Algerian Women," the color effect of which has been compared to the impression produced by a glance into an open jewel casket. Of the men of the Orient he writes to a friend: "They possess nothing save a blanket, in which they walk, sleep and are buried, and yet they look as dignified as Cicero in his curule chair. How much truth, how much nobility in these figures! There is nothing more beautiful in the antique." And then he turned his attention to classic subjects, giving them, as in the "Medea," a modern reality of emotion. Biblical subjects, also, so far as they are imbued with dramatic and passionate movement, he treated. In fact, his range was immense. As Silvestre says: "In the course of forty years he sounded the entire gamut of human emotion, his grandiose and awe-inspiring brush passing from saints to warriors, from warriors to lovers, from lovers to tigers, from tigers to flowers." His critics called him "the tattooed savage who paints with a drunken broom." As for himself, he writes: "Every work is merely a temporary narcotic, a distraction; and every distraction, as Pascal has said in other words, is only a method which man has invented to conceal from himself the abyss of his sufferings and misery. In sleepless nights, in illness and in certain moments of solitude, when the end of all things discloses itself in utter nakedness, a man endowed with imagination must possess a certain amount of courage not to meet the phantom half way, not to rush to embrace the skeleton." In 1835, at the instance of his friend Thiers, he was commissioned to decorate the interior of the Chamber of Deputies in the Palais Bourbon, and thus commenced a series of mural paintings, the boldest and the most monumental of modern times. They include the "Triumph of Apollo," on one of the ceilings in the Louvre; a theme from the "Divina Commedia," in the Library of the Luxembourg; and wall paintings, among them "The Expulsion of Heliodorus," in the Church of Saint Sulpice. Shortly after the conception of these last he died; and, being dead, began straightway to live in the popular imagination. While during his lifetime he seldom got more than four hundred dollars for his largest paintings, the sale of the pictures he had left behind him netted the sum of one million eight hundred thousand francs.

For the principles of art to which he clung, let himself speak: "This famous thing, the Beautiful," he once wrote, "must be—every one says so—the final aim of art. But if it be the only aim, what then are we to make of men like Rubens, Rembrandt, and, in general, all the artistic natures of the North, who preferred other qualities belonging to their art? In any case, there is no recipe by means of which

one can attain to what is called the ideally beautiful. Style depends absolutely and solely upon the free and original expression of each master's peculiar qualities. Wherever a painter sets himself to follow a conventional mode of expression, he will become affected and will lose his own peculiar impress; but where, on the contrary, he frankly abandons himself to the impulse of his own originality, he will ever, whether his name be Raphael, Michael Angelo, Rubens, or Rembrandt, be securely master of his soul and of his art."

NARCISSE VIRGILE DIAZ DE LA PEÑA

1807–1876

Diaz—of Spanish descent—was third member of the Fontainebleau group. A Frenchman only by the accident of birth, he became one of the Fontainebleau men by the accident of acquaintance. At Sèvres, where as a boy he was decorating pottery, he knew Jules Dupré, and it was probably through Dupré that he met Rousseau and virtually became his pupil. But before Diaz knew Fontainebleau or painted its landscape he had served his time in Bohemian Paris, painting small figure pictures under the influence of Correggio, Prud'hon and Delacroix. These fanciful little pictures of nudes, and of groups in rich costume, the subjects for which he got out of books and his own perfervid imagination, he executed with little labor and got for them little money. It is said that he sold them for five francs apiece, but the number of them was so large that even at that price he managed to live comfortably.

But these were the years of his groping in the dark. He was masterless, homeless, quite adrift. When he joined the Fontainebleau band and came under the sway of Rousseau's serious personality, Diaz himself grew serious and took up landscape painting with an earnest spirit. He never forgot his early days of decoration; his Arabian Nights' fancies never entirely left him. Even when he was painting his noblest landscapes, he was often giving them a romantic interest by introducing small figures of bathers at a pool, figures of riders, huntsmen, woodsmen, gypsies. The landscape he did directly from nature, in the forest or on its outskirts, but the figures were figments of his brain, probably put in as an after-thought for mystery and color effect. The landscape hardly needed the added figures for mystery, for Diaz had a way of putting weirdness and romance in the light and air, in the quiet pools, in the trees themselves. With all their fascinating charm there was something solemn and impressive in his wood interiors. Still, it cannot be said that his work suffered by the introduction of figures. They lent brightness, liveliness, accent to the scene, and above all they were the high-pitched color notes of the composition. Diaz had a color sense of his own which none of the masters who influenced him in art could eradicate. There was a sobriety about Rousseau even in his highest chromatic flights; his color scheme was true, studied, exact

in every respect. Diaz, on the contrary, was volatile, enthusiastic, capricious, and his work at times gives one the impression of abandon and improvisation. He knew the truth of nature, but he was no slave to it. Like Turner, he was for making a picture first of all, and if certain notes or tones were not in the scene he put them in. And who shall gainsay the wisdom of his course in doing so? A picture is not necessarily valuable for the amount of truth it conveys. Its first affair is to be a picture.

But the popular impression that Diaz was the unrestrained happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care painter of the group is somewhat wide of the mark. That a painter has a fanciful spirit and easy execution does not necessarily argue a careless hand or a superficial eye. Watteau was just as serious in his mood as Michael Angelo; and Diaz, though he had not Dupré's melancholy or Rousseau's great thoughtfulness, was very far from knocking off his Fontainebleau landscapes with a dash and a laugh. He studied long and hard over his canvases, and the gayer-hued and more volatile they appeared the harder he had to study over them. Of course he was uneven in his work (every painter is so more or less), but one seldom finds him uninteresting. His drawing was not faultless compared with Rousseau's; but this comparison—and it is always made—is hard upon poor Diaz. Rousseau's drawing of landscape has never been equalled, and if there were no Rousseau we should find no fault with Diaz. Besides, drawing means different things to different men. Diaz would not tolerate outline where he could use the color patch, and in that respect he was a true follower of Delacroix. It is his color patch that people talk about as his "uncertain drawing," and they talk about it quite unconscious of the fact that Diaz meant it to be a patch, a tone, a value, and not a rim or a line. They often talk, too, of his "distorted lights," just as though he did not design them so with full knowledge of the result they would produce.

If we choose to run on in this vein, the light, the color, the trees, the skies, everything by Diaz—or, for that matter, by anyone else—could be written down as false to nature. But that is not recognizing painting as the convention that it is. The first and final question is always: "Has the painter made a picture?" And to that, in the case of Diaz, there can be but one answer. He made many of them, and most excellent ones into the bargain. His figure pieces are his slighter works, and are not the ones that gave him his fame. He lives by his Fontainebleau landscapes. He is the third man in the great triad, and, though different in sentiment, mood and individuality from Rousseau or Dupré, he is not unworthy to be named with them as one of the great landscape painters of the last century.

Diaz was more successful in a worldly way than either of his companions. His pictures sold readily and he received many honors. But he never forgot his less fortunate comrades. He bought their pictures, loaned them money, kept their heads above water, while ever proclaiming their merit. This was particularly true of Rousseau and Millet. He never let slip an opportunity for testifying to their excellences. In 1851 he was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, but Rousseau was overlooked. At a dinner given to the new officers, Diaz made a great commotion by rising on his wooden leg and loudly proclaiming the health of "Théodore Rousseau, our master, who has been forgotten." The incident not only shows his loyalty to his friend, but his life-long belief as an artist in the greatness of Rousseau.

JULES DUPRÉ

1812–1889

It seems only yesterday that Jules Dupré died, and yet he and Rousseau were the moving spirits who started the Fontainebleau School far back in the 1830's. He alone of the original group lived to see the work of the school appreciated—lived to see Rousseau acclaimed a prince and Millet crowned. He was born in the same year with Rousseau, met him early, and was his life-long friend and champion. They started painting together, and it is not possible now to determine who deserved the greater credit for the new movement. Suffice it to say that between them the naturalistic landscape of modern French art was founded.

Doubtless these life-long friends, by the interchange of ideas and the comparison of methods, influenced each other somewhat. At any rate there seems not a great deal of difference in their points of view, apart from the personal equation which neither of them could or would relinquish. Dupré himself said that they used to go into the forest and saturate themselves with truth, and when they returned to the studio they squeezed the sponge. Yes; but it was a slightly different sponge that each squeezed. The individualities of the men were not the same. Dupré had a melancholy strain about him, and all his life he was a somewhat lonely man. He was at his happiest when by himself with the storms of nature. He preferred nature in her sombre moods, and was forever picturing gathering clouds, sunbursts, dark shadows, swaying trees, wind-whipped waters and the silence after storm. This love of the dark side of nature appears as a personal confession in almost all of his work. It was his individual bias which distinguished him from Rousseau, who was fond of the sun and its brilliant colors. Yet beneath the rough aspects of nature Dupré saw with Rousseau the majestic strength, mass and harmony of the forest; saw the bulk and volume of the oaks, the great ledges of moss-covered rock, the sweeping lines of hills, the storm light, the voyaging clouds, the vast aërial envelope. His mental grasp of the scheme entire was not inferior to Rousseau's, but perhaps he had not the latter's patient energy and infinite capacity for labor. He threw off work with greater ease and was satisfied with a slighter result. But this only by comparison. As a matter of fact, he was a very strong painter of landscape and a superb painter of the sea.

Dupré's landscapes—the oaks of Fontainebleau under a deep blue sky with cumulus clouds, the outstretched plain of Barbizon, the grove with a white house and a pool of water—are quite as familiar as his marines. They are never lacking in a virile sense of body and bulk, and they are always pleasing in their air, light and color; howbeit the melancholy and the sombre view is there. He came at a time when the high register of impressionism was unknown, but his deep reds, russet browns, dark greens and cobalt blues are still profound color harmonies. Art changes like all things human; but the good art always remains good, the bad art always remains bad. And the spirit, the poetry, the charm that a painter puts in his work, if it be honest, will never pall upon succeeding generations. The pathos of Botticelli, the naïve

sincerity of Carpaccio, are just as pertinent to this century as the charm of Corot or Daubigny and the Michelangelesque strength of Rousseau. Just so with Dupré's poetry of nature's dark moods. Cloud and shadow, wind and storm, were the very wings of his muse. He loved them deeply and painted them with a lover's passion. Throughout his long life he did not swerve from his early allegiance. He saw others rise about him with different views, different interpretations of nature, different methods, but with calm dignity he held his individual way. Good or bad, what work he sent forth he would have his own and bear a personal seal. Such work is never likely to pall upon the taste.

Fortune favored Dupré with a more even disposition than his companion Rousseau. He got along with the world better, was more successful financially, and had less bitterness in his life. He outlived all the early tempests that gathered about the heads of the band, and saw the ideas they had struggled for at last acknowledged. His quiet bearing under success was as admirable as his fortitude under early failure. He was not easily turned aside or beaten down or over-exalted. The belief of his youth he carried with him into old age, firmly convinced that some day it would triumph. It has triumphed, and Dupré with Rousseau has been justified.

EUGÈNE FROMENTIN

1820–1876

It was accident which made Fromentin an artist. The son of a well-to-do provincial lawyer, born in 1820 at La Rochelle, he went, at nineteen years of age, to Paris to qualify himself to succeed his father. At twenty-three he received his diploma, but a fit of illness, during which he solaced his enforced leisure by gratifying his latent talent for drawing, turned him in the direction of art. He studied under Rémond and Cabat, and his earlier works show little of the feeling of those which rendered him illustrious. While he was making his first experiments as a student, Prosper Marilhat was creating a profound impression by his Oriental landscapes, and Fromentin, who in 1840 had visited Algeria for pleasure, found himself attracted to those subjects in which the gifted pupil of Roqueplan excelled. After his first exhibits in the Salon of 1847, Fromentin again visited Africa. In 1849 he commenced to exhibit Algerine pictures, and they won him a second-class medal. He improved on the model of Marilhat by making figures important accessories of his landscapes, and was speedily recognized in France as the most sympathetic and poetical painter of Arab life. The deficiencies of his early schooling in art prevented him from becoming a strong draughtsman, but he amply atoned for this by his marvellous faculty of realizing character and action. He was a brilliant and glowing colorist, and possessed a delicate appreciation of the elegances of composition, while never losing sight of nature in artificiality of arrangement. His influence as the

founder of a school of Oriental art was recognized by first-class medals in 1859 and 1868, and in the former year he received the Legion of Honor, being made an Officer ten years later. He was as brilliant a writer as a painter. His picturesque works on Arabian life are accepted as standards, and his volume on the old masters of Holland and Belgium is an authority in criticism. He also wrote a romance, and many stories and essays. One of the most cultivated and high-minded men of his time, he performed his double labors of the brush and pen with a singularly happy reciprocity of feeling, and his death, in 1876, left in the front rank of French art a vacancy which has never been filled. Followers and imitators he has had many, but among them no successor to him has arisen.

No artist has better rendered the true Orient in its distinction of color than Eugène Fromentin. He was not satisfied with studying Africa in the products of his predecessors. He had seen it with eyes of his own, and estimated it with his personal thoughts, as a poet with melting heart, an observer with delicate fidelity. In this delightful artist the painter's talent was enhanced by very decided literary aptitude, and thus in his works he not only paints Africa, he narrates it.

JEAN LOUIS ANDRÉ THÉODORE GÉRICAULT

1791–1824

A French animal and historical painter, Géricault was born at Rouen, September 26, 1791. He was the son of an advocate in good circumstances, and was sent to Paris to complete his education at the Lycée Impériale. While still at school, the bent of his inclinations was plainly to be seen. His holidays were spent at the circus, and in the streets there was no greater attraction to him than the horses in a well-appointed equipage. In 1808 he became for a short time the pupil of Carle Vernet. He then studied under Guérin, with whose academic traditions he had but little sympathy. His art-training was really due to his study of the old masters in the Louvre, and the works of Rubens exercised a very powerful influence on him. His family was much opposed to his becoming a painter, and his ardent spirits, checked in one direction, sought other pursuits. He became a member of the Jockey Club, and plunged into all the dissipations of the "jeunesse dorée." At length, in 1812, he was enabled to have a studio of his own, and the firstfruits of his work in it was the "Chasseur de la Garde," now in the Louvre. On the Restoration, in 1814, he served for three months in the Royal Musketeers, and for the next two years he did but little painting. In 1816 he set out for Italy, where he occupied himself in making copies from the old masters. Hitherto he had devoted his attention chiefly to animal painting, but on his return to Paris he produced what is really his only great historical work, "The Raft of the Medusa." It was exhibited at the Salon

of 1819, where it evoked a great storm of criticism, and its appearance may be said to mark the commencement of the struggle between the Classic and Romantic schools in France. Géricault shortly after visited England, in company with his friend Charlet, and by the exhibition of this work in London realized the sum of $4,000. During his stay in England he practised the then new art of lithography with much ardor. Many of his works in this medium represent English scenes, among which mention should be made of "The Coal Wagon." On his return to France his health began to give way, and his condition was aggravated by a fall from his horse. He nevertheless produced at this time a great number of sketches and studies, and also made some progress in sculpture. His death took place in Paris on January 18, 1824.

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

1814–1875

While the artistic atmosphere was torn with the cries of partisans, Millet had ears only for the cry of the soil. The peasant of Gruchy is the epic painter of the nineteenth century's newly discovered conception of the dignity of work. Nor does he blink the inherent curse of it—the sweat and pain of labor; the distortion of body and premature age; the strait conditions and unhonored death—but out of the completeness with which the life conforms to its environments he discovers its dignity. Narrow in his sympathies, for he ignored the lives of other toilers not connected with the soil, his concentration upon the chosen theme is so intense, sincere and simple that his pictures are akin to the amplitude and typical completeness of Greek art and to the stupendous ethical significance of Michael Angelo's. Trivialities are disregarded; there is scarcely even any detail of secondary importance in his pictures, everything being so completely merged in the one single motive. And the latter is embodied in such terse and vigorous simplicity, with such pregnancy of meaning and grand, serene harmoniousness, that in his best pictures one feels the truth to have been stated once and for all—to be, in its way, a classic.

Millet was born in 1814, in the village of Gruchy, near Cherbourg, and from the age of fourteen to that of eighteen worked on his father's land. But he had always a taste for drawing, and at last his father consulted a M. Mouchel, in Cherbourg, as to whether he had talent enough to gain his bread by painting. Mouchel's reply was favorable, and he and another painter of Cherbourg, named Langlois, commenced to teach the young man, who was now twenty. The studies, however, were cut short two months later by the death of Millet's father, and it was only after an interruption of three years that a subsidy from the community of Cherbourg, collected by Langlois, and the savings of his family permitted him to start for

Paris. Herculean in frame, uncouth in manner, *l'homme des bois*, as his fellow-students called him, the young peasant entered the studio of Delaroche. But the pictures of the master made no appeal to him, seeming to be "huge vignettes, theatrical effects without any real sentiment"; and Delaroche, after having been first of all interested in his new pupil, lost patience with him. He left the studio within the year. Then followed eleven years of penurious living and misplaced effort. He tried to paint in the style of Boucher and Fragonard, which drew from Diaz the criticism: "Your women bathing come from the cowhouse." He turned out copies at twenty francs, and portraits at five, and painted signs for taverns and booths. He had married and, his wife dying after three years, remarried. Then, in 1848, he exhibited "The Winnower," a characteristically peasant picture. It sold for five hundred francs.

This was the turning-point of Millet's career. His friend Jacque proposed that they both should migrate to Barbizon. With their wives and five children they reached Ganne's Inn, just as the dinner hour had assembled twenty persons at the table—artists with their families. Diaz did the honors, and invited them to smoke the pipe of peace which hung above the door in readiness for newcomers. As usual, a jury was appointed, to judge from the ascending rings of smoke whether the new painters were to be reckoned among the Classicists or Colorists. Jacque was declared to be a Colorist. Difference of opinion being held concerning Millet, he exclaimed: "Eh bien, si vous êtes embarrassés, placez-moi dans la mienne." "It is a good retort," cried Diaz. "The fellow looks powerful enough to found a school that will bury us all."

Millet was thirty-five when he settled in Barbizon and picked up again the broken thread of his youth, resuming once more his contact with the soil and with the laborers in the fields. Henceforth he gave himself up unreservedly to painting what he knew, regardless of criticism or contempt. At first he boarded with a peasant, and lived with his family in a tiny room where wheat was stored. Later he rented a little house at a hundred and sixty francs a year. In winter he sat in a work-room without a fire, in thick straw shoes, and with an old horse-cloth about his shoulders. Under such conditions was "The Sower" painted. Meanwhile he was often in dire straits. Rousseau and Diaz helped him with small sums. "I have received the hundred francs," he writes to Sensier, "and they came just at the right time; neither my wife nor I had tasted food for four and twenty hours. It is a blessing that the little ones, at any rate, have not been in want." It was only from the middle of the fifties that he began to sell at the rate of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred francs a picture. Even in 1859 his "Death and the Woodcutter" was rejected at the Salon. Rousseau was the first to offer him a large sum, buying his "Woodcutter" for four thousand francs, under the pretence that an American was the purchaser. Dupré helped him to dispose of "The Gleaners" for two thousand francs. At length, in 1863, he was commissioned to paint four decorative panels of the "Seasons" for the dining-room of the architect Feydau. They are his weakest work, but established his reputation. He was able to buy a little house in Barbizon, and thenceforth had no financial cares. At the Exposition of 1867 he received the Grand Prix, and in the Salon of 1869 was a member of the Hanging Committee. He lived to see his "Woman with the Lamp," for which he had

received a hundred and fifty francs, sold for thirty-eight thousand five hundred at Richards' sale. "Allons, ils commencent à comprendre que c'est de la peinture sérieuse."

He went about Barbizon like a peasant, in an old red cloak, wooden shoes and a weather-beaten straw hat. Rising at sunrise, he wandered over the fields and through the farmhouses, intimate with all the people and interested in their daily doings. His study was an incessant exercise of the faculty of observation, to see and to retain the essential, the great lines in nature and the human body. This marvellous quality is particularly apparent in his drawings, etchings, pastels and lithographs. They are not merely studies, but pictures in themselves. He divests his figures of all that is merely accidental, and in his simplification reaches by the smallest possible means the fullest expression of the salient truth; and the decisive lines which characterize a movement are so rhythmic and harmonious that he attains to much altitude of style.

Even as a child he had received a good education from an uncle who was an ecclesiastic, and had learned enough Latin to read the Georgics of Virgil in the original text. He knew them almost by heart, and cited them continually in his letters. Shakespeare filled him with admiration, and Theocritus and Burns were his favorite poets. He was a constant reader, and more cultivated than most painters; a philosopher and a scholar.

In January, 1875, he was stricken with fever, and died at the age of sixty. His grave is near Rousseau's at Chailly, and the sculptor Chapu has wrought their two heads side by side in bronze on the stone at Barbizon.

THÉODORE ROUSSEAU

1812–1867

The tale of the Fontainebleau-Barbizon painters has been more than twice told, and like all tales it grows with each new telling. Originally it was a simple and a most natural story. There had been a long period of classic art, started by David, which perpetuated nothing but the traditions of Greece and Rome. It was all form, all line, all academic skill; the breath of passion, of individuality, of life was not in it. In the 1820's there came a revolt against this stereotyped product of the Institute. The revolt took the form of Romanticism, and Delacroix was its nominal prophet.

A new generation was growing up while this Classic-Romantic jangle was in the air. These young men had heard the arguments pro and con in the studios, and had seen the extravagances of both arts in the exhibitions. What could be more natural than their recognition that both of them were extreme, and

that the soul of the world lay neither in the Institute nor in Delacroix's atelier, but in nature? What could be more natural in the young landscape painters than the rejection of both points of view and the flight to the forest of Fontainebleau for inspiration? We have been told that their eyes were turned to nature by seeing the works of Constable, Bonington and Fielding in the Salon of 1824. It is possible; but at that time Rousseau and Dupré were each twelve years old, Daubigny was seven, Diaz was sixteen, Corot was in Rome. Moreover, there was no journeying to Fontainebleau until about 1833. Jules Breton has said they were influenced by the Dutch pictures in the Louvre, and there was undoubtedly some study there. Out of Paris they took only a method, a way of doing things, whether derived from English, Dutch or French sources, or all combined, is of no consequence now. It was from the forest that they got the material and the spirit of their art. The light, the air, the skies, the foliage, the forms of tree and rock and hill, gave them their sentiment and their omnipresent love of nature. It was not studio nature that these men found. The world of sight is neither classic nor romantic; it is simply natural. The forest taught them this. It was on the edge of the forest that they lived, studied and painted; and it is there, near the great rocks and oaks he so dearly loved to paint, that Rousseau now lies buried.

Rousseau was the Akela of the pack, the leader and the strongest painter of them all. Indeed, there is no word that seems to describe Rousseau so well as "strength." He was devoted to the fundamental, the basic, the permanent. Toward the close of his life he did little more than draw, so intent was he upon the underlying forms of things. His conception of the earth seemed to circle about its structure, its vast ages of existence, its endurance, its unbroken solidity. Not the great sturdy oak fastening itself in the fissures of the stratified rock alone, not the bulk and scope of hills and mountains alone; but the permanence of the blue sky and the clouds, the binding strength of atmosphere, the power of falling sunlight—these were the things he loved and studied. He was not blind to the minor beauties of the world, such as the effects of light and color on foliage, water and skies. He was a man of infinite scope, but back of light and color, back of surface effect, lay the fundamental and the universal—the firm basing of the earth.

A man possessed of such a mind and view, possessed of a skilful hand, and with Fontainebleau forest for a model, could not but produce a strong art. For the first time in the history of French landscape the mirror was held up to nature. But the reflection was not the exact counterpart of the original. No great painter ever tries to show the facsimile, and Rousseau's art was nature—plus an individuality. He had a sentiment about form, light, color, air, that can be felt in every one of his pictures. He saw truly enough, but he saw something more than the bare prosaic facts. Nature was a great poem to him, and all his life he was endeavoring to interpret it. His study was enormous, his labor prodigious; and yet his completed canvases are not so numerous as those of his fellow painters at Barbizon. Like Leonardo with his portrait of Mona Lisa, Rousseau was never satisfied with his work. He kept pictures for months, touching, retouching, patting, caressing them with the brush, trying to better them in every way. And this was not because he lacked in skill, but because he could never fully interpret the vision of truth he saw in the well.

Technically he had a very sure knowledge of form, and, though not always insisting upon detail, he was always insisting upon accuracy. As a draughtsman he was excellent, as everyone knows who has seen his drawings of tree forms. He drew everything first, that the skeleton might be correct; then he added stratum upon stratum of colors, gradually building up, rounding and completing his effect until the desired result was reached. And this without mechanism or dryness. It has been truly said that his landscapes are as full of sap as nature itself. He was just as accurate and truthful in his observation of light. It was something that to him was as omnipresent as the air—one of the great fundamentals that revealed the splendor of the world. As a colorist he had great range—and great grasp. He ran over the whole gamut, painting in bright keys as well as sombre ones, and always producing a unity—a massing and a fusing of all the notes into one. His comprehension of wholeness and entirety in landscape was remarkable. All his subjects—and their name is legion—reveal these qualities. Wood interiors, marshes with cattle, vast plains with groups of stalwart oaks bedded in rock, mountains, rivers, sunsets, were all seen with a largeness of vision and as a part of the universal whole. His versatility in theme and motive was a wonder to his friends and his admirers. A painter like Corot, who had but one sweet note, could only gasp: "Rousseau, c'est un aigle. Quant à moi, je ne suis qu'une alouette qui pousse de petites chansons dans mes nuages gris." And Rousseau was an eagle. He was ever viewing the earth from a lofty height, seeing and painting mountain, plain, forest and river—painting them each year of his life in a different style. He had two manners of working, between which he alternated at different periods of his life. The first was detailed and minute in drawing; the second was broad, full and apparently quite free. His public rather favored the first manner, though the amateurs were shocked that his landscapes were green instead of studio-brown. The broader manner was only appreciated by a few artists and critic friends. In both manners he was honest and straightforward, never shirking a difficulty nor trying by *chic* to hide a fault. Seeking the truth of nature all his life, he put down his observations with candor and with the simplicity that lends to strength.

It is useless to repeat the story of his life. It is common knowledge nowadays that he battled against odds, endured neglect and disappointment, and died practically unappreciated. It is small credit to human intelligence that pictures which were rejected at the Salon and declined by the amateurs now sell for enormous prices or are treasured in the art museums of every land. No landscape painter before him ever equalled him, no landscape painter since his time has excelled him; yet it took the race many years to find that out. He went to the shades unsung. "Rousseau, c'est un aigle." Honor to you, Père Corot, for uttering that truth so early!

CONSTANT TROYON

1810–1865

Constant Troyon was born at Sèvres in 1810. His father was connected with the government manufactory of porcelain at that place, and under his instruction the son began his artistic career as a decorator of chinaware. By a happy coincidence for him, two unknown young men, named Narcisse Diaz and Jules Dupré were also employed at Sèvres in the same kind of work. Later on all three formed the acquaintance of Théodore Rousseau, and a bond of personal friendship and artistic sympathy was established between them which was terminated only by death.

Unlike the early Dutch and Flemish painters, these young men belonged to no prosperous gild, with its wholesome traditions and famous masters to aid them, nor did they obtain much of permanent value from the schools of their day. But, what was far better, they became in a large and vital sense their own instructors, they pursued their own career with nature for their guide; and when they died, they left behind them few heirs of royal blood to question the sovereignty of their fame.

To most of us at the present day Troyon is chiefly known as a great animal painter, especially of cattle and sheep. But it must not be forgotten that long before he began to paint animals he had won distinction as a landscape painter. His career in this field of art was marked by success almost from the start. His first picture was exhibited at the Salon in 1832, when he was twenty-two years of age; three years later he received his first honor—a Medal of the Third Class; in 1839 the Museum of Amiens purchased his Salon picture; in 1840 he obtained a Medal of the Second Class; in 1846 a Medal of the First Class, besides having a picture bought for the Museum at Lille; finally, in 1849, he received his greatest public preferment—the Cross of the Legion of Honor. All these honors, be it remembered, were awarded him before he had publicly exhibited an important picture of animal life, and were bestowed upon him for his excellence as a landscape painter alone.

The year 1848 was the turning point in Troyon's career, for in that year he visited Holland, and it is said found there his true field of painting. It certainly was not Paul Potter's "Young Bull" which determined him to become an animal painter, for he was not much impressed with that over-estimated picture; on the contrary, with his originality and temperament, he was far more likely to have been convinced by the sight of the large, fine cattle feeding in herds or lying in groups upon the low, outstretched Holland meadows, their massive forms outlined against the gray northern sky. He had not been without personal solicitation to combine landscape and animal painting. Indeed, long before this Holland visit, his old friend, M. Louis Robert, an old employé of the manufactory at Sèvres, had urged him to introduce animals into his pictures. So also another friend, M. Ad. Charropin, had given him, time and again, the same advice. Writing on this subject to M. Ph. Burty, the former says: "Year after year I went with Troyon to Barbizon. . . . On rainy days, when we were unable to sketch in the forest, we visited

the farms, where the watchers of cattle and the tenders of geese posed as our models; more often still to the stables, where we painted the animals. Here Troyon executed the most charming things in the world; and from 1846 to 1848 I constantly implored him to introduce them into his landscapes."

Troyon's exhibit in the Salon of 1849 did not disclose any important animal painting, as might have been expected upon his return from Holland, but it did contain a landscape which clearly revealed the influence of the great Rembrandt in the magical rendering of light and shade. It was the famous "Windmill," of which Théophile Gautier wrote:

"It is the early morning. The sun struggles dimly amid the enveloping mist; the wind rises; then the huge old frame, with worm-eaten planks, begins to creak with regular throbs, like the beatings of the heart, as the great membranous wings stretch themselves in silhouette against the pale splendor of the dawn." It was this picture which marked the culmination of his success thus far in landscape art, and made Troyon Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

If Troyon cared for academic rewards, he certainly had received his full share. As we have seen, in the short space of seventeen years he had won every medal of the Salon save one, and to these distinctions had been added, as we have also seen, the Cross of the Legion of Honor; and yet, notwithstanding all this, and although he was forty years old, he had not publicly begun his real career. When in fact he entered upon it, splendidly equipped as he was, there unfortunately remained to him before his death the too brief space of only fifteen years in which to create the manifold wonders of his brush—only fifteen years in which to live a new life in art and establish his true place among the master painters of the world.

With what increased delight, therefore, he must have painted when he felt that he had found his true vocation, and realized that he was about to reach a greater success than he had heretofore attained! To secure absolute mastery of his subject, he spent no less than eight consecutive summers at the country place of a friend, making beautiful studies of running dogs, which he subsequently employed in his picture, "The Return from the Chase." In like manner he made superb studies of sheep and cattle. A friend of his relates how Troyon, after his return in 1855 from a sketching tour in Touraine, showed him what seemed an almost endless collection of great, splendid studies of cattle, most of which were, indeed, finished pictures; and when he expressed astonishment at their number and beauty, Troyon quietly remarked: "I have made as many as eighteen in a month."

Troyon excelled in painting a variety of animals, as dogs, sheep, and even barnyard fowls, but he excelled most as a painter of cattle. Nor was it merely their outward forms that he portrayed. He had a realizing sense of their character, their habits, their life, as the willing servants of man. To us, those heavy-yoked oxen, with bent necks and measured tread, dragging the plough along the furrows, are living, breathing creatures; and those great awkward cows lazily resting their heavy bodies on the ground, and contentedly chewing their cud, are absolutely so alive that an expert could tell at a glance how much they weigh; and the spectator almost fears that a near approach may bring them slowly to their feet, and

that they may walk out of the canvas. In a word, "his cattle have the heavy step, the philosophical indolence, the calm resignation, the vagueness of look, which are the characteristics of their race."

In these last and best years of his life Troyon never neglected his landscapes, even when the dominant motive of his picture was some expression or movement of animal life. He saw his landscape and his cattle as a pictorial whole, just as we ourselves behold them in nature, and the prominence that he gave to either depended upon his personal point of view. The result was that his success was immediate and complete, and his pictures made a delightful impression on every observer, whether artist, connoisseur or child.

CATALOGUE

No. 1

JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT

1796—1874

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CHÂTEAU THIERRY

Height, 13 inches; length, 18 inches

On the right the walls of the château, along which extends a broad path bordered by a row of leafless trees, dominate a steep hillside which slopes down on the left, where the vista extends over the roofs of houses past a square church tower with many windows to a mysterious distance, suggesting a broad wooded hillside. The single figure of a peasant woman in a gray dress, with a red kerchief over her head and a white sack thrown over her left shoulder, stands in the right foreground leaning upon a stick, and is strongly accentuated by the sunlight, which broadly illuminates the landscape, casting deep shadows upon the château walls, the roofs of the houses, the church tower and along the gravelly path under the trees. The sky is completely covered by a veil of soft luminous clouds.

Signed at the lower left, COROT.
Collection BOCQUET, 1869.
Collection MICHEL-LÉVY, *Paris,* 1876.
L'Exposition des Cent Chefs-d'œuvres, Paris, 1892. *No.* 65.
Reproduced in MOREAU-NÉLATON'S *work on* COROT, 1905.
Purchased from DURAND-RUEL.

T. 3000 a Michel Lévy
F. 960.
N° 1297. Robaut

No. 2

JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT

1796—1874

PREMIÈRES FEUILLES: PRÈS DE MANTES

Height, 13 *inches; length,* 18 *inches*

The slender trunks of scattered trees, some of them straight, others gnarled and twisted, rise out of the grass in the foreground and extend out of the picture. The branches are partly bare, partly covered with sparse foliage, and beneath the trees at the right the figure of a peasant woman is seen searching among the underbrush. Beyond the grove is a gently curving, much travelled road which extends to the middle distance on the right, where a few houses are seen standing on the slope of a hillside. The figures of a man and a woman make a prominent accent on the sunlit roadway. The summit of the distant hillside on the left is crowned by a large clump of trees in spring foliage, which breaks the flowing lines of the hilltops forming the horizon. The sky is covered with soft luminous clouds, the light diminishing in intensity toward the zenith.

Signed at the lower right, COROT.
Collection MICHEL-LÉVY, *Paris,* 1876.
Exposition Centenaire Corot, Paris, 1895. *No.* 110.
Reproduced in MOREAU-NÉLATON'S *work on* COROT, 1905.
Purchased from DURAND-RUEL.

COROT

No. 3

JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT

1796—1874

THE RIVER

Height, 16 *inches; length,* 22½ *inches*

In the foreground is a flat meadow, broken by small bushes and here and there a blossoming plant, on the shores of a broad river which extends diagonally from the left to the extreme distance, where flat-topped hills form the horizon line. Two clumps of trees grow on the near shore of the river, the one on the right extending out of the picture; the second, to the left of the middle of the composition, is composed of slender trees with thin foliage, underneath which is moored a skiff with a single occupant. The broad surface of the river reflects a low hill on the opposite shore, which is partly covered with trees, and at one point is almost bare of verdure and crowned by a group of white buildings. The hillside, the buildings and the tones of the luminous summer sky are reflected in the quiet surface of the water.

Signed at the lower right, COROT.
Collection of the late A. E. BORIE, *Philadelphia.*

No. 4

JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT

1796—1874

$19100 Blakeslee

NYMPHES JOUANT AVEC UN TIGRE

Height, 32 inches; width, 26 inches

Amid the luxuriant verdure in a forest glade, where groves of tall slender trees grow out of the steep slopes on either side, a company of nymphs are disporting themselves to the music of a piper and the beating of a tambourine. One of the nymphs is leading a leopard upon which is perched a small child, another one lies prone upon the grass and a third rests in a sculpturesque attitude leaning upon a jar from which issues a stream of water. On either bank, amid the trees, great ledges of gray rock show among the tree trunks and the rank undergrowth, flowers twinkle among the rich grass, and in the left foreground a clump of reeds grows near the stream which flows from the earthen jar. The foreground is partly in shadow and partly in broad sunlight, and beyond the group is a sunlit passage with slender stems of tall trees in contrast against the light.

Signed at the lower left, COROT.
Collection MARQUIS FRESSINET DE BELLANGER, *Paris.*
Centenaire de Corot, Palais Galleire, 1895.
Purchased from ARTHUR TOOTH & SONS.

No. 5

JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT

1796—1874

MEDITATION

Height, 24½ *inches; width,* 16½ *inches*

This is the half-length figure of a maiden sitting in an attitude of meditation, resting her chin upon her right hand, with her left arm extended at her side. She wears a gray and black bodice over a white short-sleeved chemise, and a red overskirt gathered up across her knees, showing a gray petticoat beneath. Her dark hair, which is brushed tidily back from her forehead, is confined to her head by a narrow yellow kerchief. The figure is in strong effect of light from the upper right and in contrast against a quiet sky and a simple landscape beyond, suggesting willow trees on the right, with an expanse of sunlit clouds in the upper left and a broken hillside forming the horizon below.

Signed at the lower left, COROT.
Purchased from BOUSSOD, VALADON & Co., *Paris.*

No. 6

JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT

1796—1874.

ID 11300 · J.R. Guggenheim

LE MATIN AU BORD DU LAC

Height, 32 inches; width, 26 inches

Through a narrow swale between two sloping banks, upon which grow tall, slender trees, is seen a part of a broad lake, bounded on the far shore by a range of high, wooded hills. On the left, seated on the grassy bank among the flowers, is a shepherd in red cap playing on a pipe, and at some distance in front of him a white goat stands, head erect, as if listening to the music. The sunlight, diffused by a thin stratum of clouds which covers the sky, falls broadly upon the landscape, accentuates here and there the trunks of the trees, the flowering plants, the irregularities of the ground and the foliage, and with an almost imperceptible warm haze modifies the tones of the verdure, diminishes the intensity of the contrasts of light and shadows, and harmonizes the whole composition.

Signed at the lower right, COROT.

"Album classique des Chefs-d'œuvres de Corot," par L. ROGER-MILÈS, 1895.

Collection ARNOLD & TRIPP, *Paris.*

Purchased from L. CRIST DELMONICO, *New York.*

No Roland 1905

No 97. Vente Mrs Mrs Solomon Guggenheim · Londres · 7 novemb. 1962

No. 7

JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT

1796—1874

THE GLADE: "THE GOSSIPS"

Height, 23¾ inches; width, 19½ inches

Three peasant women standing in the foreground, their arms akimbo and their heads together, suggest the title of this picture. They have met in a pleasant meadow where flowering shrubs grow and tall trees cast a grateful shadow in the warm sunlight. On the right, beyond the group, which is in strong relief of light and shade, rises a great clump of various kinds of trees, their foliage flecked by sunlight and their slender branches showing here and there among the leaves. On the left a single birch with slender but crooked stem rises out of the picture, and in the distance is an irregular hillside, sloping down to the seashore, where are seen a red-roofed whitewashed building and a solitary rounded tree. Large masses of cumuli fill the sky, which is in broad, full sunlight.

Signed at the lower left, COROT.
Purchased from M. KNOEDLER & CO.

No. 8

CHARLES FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY

1817—1878

THE FIRST SHADES OF NIGHT

Height, 10¼ *inches; length,* 16¼ *inches*

A quiet pool of water, or shallow stream, irregular in shape, extends from the left foreground to the middle distance under a rank of densely growing trees on the right, and is bordered on the left by a low, broken shore-line, fringed with water weeds and rushes. In the distance, seen between the large screen of foliage on the right and smaller trees on the left, is a line of steep-roofed buildings, evidently a street in a populous village. The hour is twilight, and the sun, some distance below the horizon, sheds a modified golden glow over the simple sky, which is covered with a mass of thin vapor, and touches with ruddy light a few small scuds drifting across near the zenith. The mirrorlike surface of the water reflects the tones of the sky, the forms of the trees and houses, and is broken only by an occasional ripple.

Signed at the lower left, Daubigny, 1860.
Purchased from L. Crist Delmonico, *New York.*

No. 9

CHARLES FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY

1817—1878

THE HARBOR

Height, 11¾ *inches; length,* 24 *inches*

Extending from the left foreground in a gentle sweep around to the distance is the shore line of a harbor with boats drawn up on the beach, and the roofs, façades and towers of a large and busy town. On the left, forming a prominent object in deep shadow against the sky is the timber work of a partly constructed shed standing at the end of a wharf, with the masts and yards of a fishing vessel which is moored nearby. A boat, with a number of occupants, is rowing away from the shore in the middle distance, and on the right, in the immediate foreground, a flock of white ducks watches the approaching craft. A mass of low, drifting clouds covers the sky, showing only a few spots of blue near the upper part of the picture, and the buildings of the town, the beach and various objects are warmly illuminated by the sunlight which falls strongly upon the landscape from the left.

Signed at the lower left, Daubigny, '66.
Collection of the late A. E. Borie, *Philadelphia.*

No. 10

CHARLES FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY

1817—1878

FARM AT VILLERVILLE: MOONLIGHT

Height, 33 inches; length, 57 inches 0.84 × 1.43

The motive for this picture was found in the rich farming country of Normandy, on the seashore at Villerville, between Honfleur and Trouville. Across the foreground extends a rich pasture broken by hillocks and clumps of luxuriantly growing verdure, and in the immediate foreground on the right is a small pool of water. The pasture slopes gently upward to the middle distance under scattered trees, which, with full foliage, extend in rounded masses against the sky, sloping in diminishing perspective from the upper left to the distance; cows, scattered over the pasture, are feeding on the rich grass, some of them in light and some of them in the shadows. The moon, gleaming through a veil of summer mist which spreads over the cloud-covered sky, forms the focus of the composition, just above the mass of trees in the middle of the picture. On the right, in the distance, the pasture, with numerous irregularities of surface and one or two clumps of trees, slopes gently down toward the sea, where the gleam of strong moonlight is intensified by contrast with the deep-toned green.

Signed at the lower left, Daubigny, 1875.
Collection of Madame Marchand, *Rheims,* 1897.
Purchased from Messrs. Arthur Tooth & Sons.

No. 11

ALEXANDRE GABRIEL DECAMPS

1803—1860

LES CONTREBANDIERS

Height, 21 *inches; width,* 18 *inches*

Seated at a rough wooden table in a simple interior is an Italian peasant dressed in the rough garments characteristic of his class: a pointed high hat, striped with two or three colors, a full white coarse shirt, short blue knee breeches and raw-hide sandals. Standing near him, back to the spectator, is a companion, who wears riding breeches and closely fitting black boots with spurs. He has deposited his coat, hat and various other articles on a stool and on the floor nearby. A large flask of wine stands on the table, and a small child, just tall enough to lean upon the board, watches the two men. Over the group is a print of the Madonna and Infant with an oil light underneath, and against the wall to the left hang a gun and a water bottle, while on the right, standing on the shelf of a hooded fireplace, is an earthenware jar. The interior is illuminated by the reflections from a thin, vivid shaft of sunlight which strikes the whitewashed wall just above the child's head.

Signed at the lower middle, DECAMPS.
Collection COMTE DUCHATEL, *Paris,* 1886.
Collection FOP-SMIT.
Purchased from DURAND-RUEL.

No. 12

FERDINAND VICTOR EUGÈNE DELACROIX

1799—1863

LION ATTAQUÉ

Height, 11 *inches; length,* 14 *inches*

A lion, crouching close to the ground and advancing with slow step, is the prominent object in the picture. His partly opened mouth and slanting eyes give his face an expression of feline rage, and his tail, partly curled under him, suggests that he is on the defensive and not over-confident of victory. The attitude and expression show how well the artist has observed the characteristics of the lion, how convincingly and with what simple means he has been able to illustrate the enormous strength and the ferocious courage of the beast, not untainted, however, by craven timidity. The animal is stalking along a narrow, flat, grass-grown plateau, beyond which are seen the lofty serrated peaks of an irregular mountain range, partly in sunlight and partly in shadow, against a simple, luminous, cloud-covered sky. The sunlight falls upon the animal from the upper right, casting long shadows upon the herbage.

Signed at the lower right, Eug. Delacroix, 1851.
Collection Hartmann, *Paris,* 1881.
Collection M. G. Péreire, *Paris.*
George I. Seney *Collection, New York,* 1891. *No.* 51.
Engraved by Charles Courtry.
"*L'œuvre complet d'Eugène Delacroix,*" *by* Alfred Robaut, *Paris,* 1885. *No.* 1185.
Purchased from M. Knoedler & Co.

No. 13

FERDINAND VICTOR EUGÈNE DELACROIX

1799—1863

$6700 Jos. H. Clark

TIGRE ET SERPENT

Height, 13 inches; length, 16½ inches

In the immediate foreground on the right, coiled around a small tree, is a serpent with open jaws, about to defend itself from the attack of a large tiger which, half crouching, half crawling, approaches, ready to spring. The tree, in full foliage, extends out of the picture on the right, relieved against a lofty crag which terminates abruptly on the left in a wall of precipitous rock rising out of a rough slope, partly covered by masses of rounded trees. The cliffs are in shadow in contrast against a cloud-covered sky, a small irregular area of which occupies the upper left corner of the picture. The sunlight, falling strongly from the right, flecks the silver scales of the serpent, accentuates the head, back and forelegs of the tiger, and casts a broad luminous shadow on the rough ground.

Signed at the lower left, Eug. Delacroix, 1862.
Collection Marquis de L., *Paris,* 1865. F. 1320
Collection Van Cuyck, *Paris,* 1866. " 2705
Collection du Comte d'Aquila, *Paris,* 1868. " 8020
Collection Hermann, *Paris,* 1879. " 7000
Collection Th. Leroy, *Paris,* 1882. " 13100
"*L'œuvre complet d'Eugène Delacroix,*" *by* Alfred Robaut, *Paris,* 1885. *No.* 1445.
Collection of Mary J. Morgan, *New York,* 1886. *No.* 188. R 4425
Barye *Loan Exhibition of One Hundred Masterpieces, New York,* 1890. *No.* 582.
Collection of Henry M. Johnston, *New York,* 1893. *No.* 68. Fr 32500
Purchased from M. Knoedler & Co., 1899.

No. 14

FERDINAND VICTOR EUGÈNE DELACROIX

1799—1863

$7200 Edward Brandus

ARABE MONTANT À CHEVAL

Height, 22 inches; width, 18½ *inches*

In the foreground an Arab, dressed in pointed blue turban and a tunic of the same color, with an ample burnous falling from his shoulders and a scimitar hung to his side by a red cord, stands at the off side of a prancing Arab steed, his right foot in the stirrup, one hand clasping the cantle, the other the mane of the horse, and is about to throw himself into the high saddle, which is draped with a rich housing of red material trimmed with gold. Beyond the group two riders, brandishing long guns, are galloping their horses up a steep slope, and far away in the distance is a jagged range of mountains which form the horizon line. The landscape is in strong sunlight effect from the right, and the foreground group is in a vigorous effect of light and shade.

Signed at the lower right, Eug. Delacroix.
Collection "A," Paris, 1858.
Collection Arosa, *Paris,* 1878.
"L'œuvre complet d'Eugène Delacroix," by Alfred Robaut, *Paris,* 1885. *No.* 1076.
Purchased from Bousson, Valadon & Co., *New York.*

In 1910 from Collection of Ferdinand Blumenthal -

No. 15

FERDINAND VICTOR EUGÈNE DELACROIX

1799—1863

THE RELEASE OF THE PRINCESS OLGA

Height, 21 inches; length, 25½ inches

In the foreground the fair-haired Princess Olga, dishevelled, her upper garments falling from her shoulders and a heavy chain attached to her left wrist, is in the act of kneeling at the feet of the youthful knight, Amadis de Gaule, who tenderly endeavors to raise the maiden to her feet, supporting her right arm on his gauntleted hand. Extending across the picture in the background, in vigorous relief against a glowing sky, are the massive walls of a fortified town. On the left is a huge gateway through which the besiegers, having destroyed the heavy doors, are rushing to the conflict, and on the right near a square tower an attacking party is swarming over the wall. In the middle distance two combatants armed with swords, each with upraised shield, are engaged in deadly conflict. Immediately behind the central group lies extended the dead body of a man in full armor, apparently the victim of the young knight's sword. A yellow banner, with a black heraldic emblem, floats from near the corner of the gate. In the immediate foreground are scattered rich draperies, pieces of armor and weapons, with the bolts of catapults and fragments of shattered walls.

The princess and her lover are in a strong effect of light, relieved against the shadowy background. He wears a suit of gold armor, with a short-sleeved blue surcoat trimmed with ermine, and crowning his casque is a mass of white ostrich feathers. A black mantle is draped around the waist and over the head of the prin-

cess, falling to the ground in front, contrasting strongly with the loose white drapery around her bust and the loose salmon pink robe which is draped in ample folds around her limbs.

This picture was purchased from the artist by Mr. Claudius Gérentet in January, 1860, and the following is a translation of a letter from Delacroix to Mr. Gérentet, the original of which will be delivered to the purchaser of the picture at this sale:

MY DEAR SIR: *January 4th*, 1860.

I thank you very much for your attention. I am myself a little unwell, and it would have been difficult for me to call upon you.

I am very happy that my picture pleases you; no news could be more agreeable to me. Do not varnish it, even lightly, it is all I desire.

Your devoted servant,

(Signed) E. DELACROIX.

Here is the subject of the picture:

Amadis de Gaule takes by storm the castle of the traitor Galpen, and liberates the Princess who was imprisoned there.

The picture remained in the possession of Mr. Gérentet until November, 1898. Meanwhile various critical appreciations of the work of the great master had appeared in the public press, and Mr. Robert Robaut had published his monumental volume on the complete works of Eugène Delacroix, in which the picture in question was not mentioned. Mr. Robaut writes in relation to his omission to mention this picture in his volume:

It is evident that, should I make a supplementary edition of my book, I would not fail to reserve a very good place to this important work among the rare easel pictures of the master.

He also expresses his high opinion of the picture in the following terms:

Upon the whole, we do not know of anything richer or of more variety, in any of the ancient or modern schools, and France can be proud, I repeat it, to have given birth to the learned and supple genius, Eugène Delacroix, the author of this masterpiece par excellence.

Signed at the lower left, EUG. DELACROIX, 1860.

Collection of M. CLAUDIUS GÉRENTET, *St. Étienne (Loire), France, for whom* DELACROIX *painted this work. Purchased from* M. KNOEDLER & CO., *Paris.*

No. 16

NARCISSE VIRGILE DIAZ DE LA PEÑA

1807—1876

$5200 Scott & Fowles

THE FOREST: FONTAINEBLEAU

Height, 10¾ *inches; length,* 13¾ *inches* 27½ × 35

In a broad glade of a large forest sturdy old trees rise in close companionship on either side of a very small pool. The trunks, roughened by the weather and bearing scars of many broken branches, are strongly accentuated by the sunlight, which also illuminates a broad passage of meadow bounded by a wooden fence just beyond the pool, touches the trees in the middle distance and the great masses of soft clouds in the sky. The dense foliage of the trees, with their spreading branches, extends across the top of the picture and frames in a small irregular area of the sky. Here and there gray boulders show among the underbrush, and the coarse grass and the untrodden rankly growing vegetation suggest that this is a neglected corner of a forest, presumably Fontainebleau, near the village of Barbizon.

Signed at the lower right, N. Diaz.
Purchased from Durand-Ruel.

No. 17

NARCISSE VIRGILE DIAZ DE LA PEÑA

1807—1876

WHISPERINGS OF LOVE

Height, 16 *inches; width,* 11½ *inches*

A comely fair-haired maiden in classic dress, consisting of an ample short-sleeved tunic, low in the neck and girded high at the waist, with a pink mantle draped over her hips and knees, falling in ample folds over her feet, stands beside a rocky bank under a group of trees in sombre foliage. Her left hand raised to her bosom and her head slightly lowered, she listens to the whisperings of a cupid who stands at her shoulder, his chubby face close to her left ear. The figures of the maiden and of the cupid are in a strong effect of light from the upper left and the group is in vivid contrast against the deep-toned foliage beyond. To the left of the maiden and in the mysterious shadow beyond, two cupidons with mischievous expressions on their smiling faces watch the group, and above them a luminous sky with a full summer moon is seen between the branches of the trees.

Signed at the lower left, N. Diaz, '55.
Collection Arnold & Tripp, *Paris.*
Purchased from Durand-Ruel, *New York.*

No. 18

JULES DUPRÉ

1812—1889

SUNLIGHT

Height, 25½ inches; length, 36 inches

A deeply rutted road sweeps away from the foreground around to the left, to the middle distance, where a peasant sits watching a small flock of sheep feeding at the foot of a group of sturdy old trees in dense and full autumn foliage, with here and there a dead branch indicating their age. Beyond the trees the broad meadow is streaked with sunlight, and the vista extends past clumps of willows growing on the banks of a narrow stream to a line of low wooded hills in deep shadow against the gray clouds which almost completely cover the sky. The warm sunlight of early autumn falls upon the landscape from the left, making strong contrasts of form and color. The light in the sky is concentrated behind and above the tree tops.

Signed at the lower left, Jules Dupré.
Collection of the late A. E. Borie, *Philadelphia.*

No. 19

JULES DUPRÉ

1812—1889

TWILIGHT

Height, 27½ inches; length, 37½ inches

A placid irregular stream, extending nearly across the foreground, sweeps away to the middle distance, where it disappears between the low banks of a broad meadow. In the foreground on the right, under a clump of trees, a few cows are wandering down to the shallow water to drink, and on the left, growing out of the low bank, is a tall slender tree with crooked trunk, rising high above a row of pollard willows near the water's edge. The light of the sky is concentrated near the middle of the composition, just above the horizon, where the strong rays of the setting sun accentuate with vigorous touches the edges of storm clouds which are tossed and torn by the wind, and is repeated in a modified strength by reflections in the still water in the near foreground. The whole landscape is in the gathering gloom of twilight.

Signed at the lower left, Jules Dupré.
Collection M. Edouard Kums, *Antwerp,* 1898.
Purchased from M. Knoedler & Co.

No. 20

EUGÈNE FROMENTIN

1820—1876

$3800 Andrew Tierney

THE FALCONERS

Height, 13¾ *inches; width,* 10½ *inches* 34½ × 26½

A party of Moors are engaged in their favorite pastime of hunting birds with falcons. Two of the party, mounted on spirited horses, are seen in the foreground. A hooded falcon perches on the right shoulder of one of the Arabs, who is mounted on a cream-colored charger, and the second sportsman, reining up his horse nearby, awaits the approach of an attendant who carries on his right hand a second falcon just recaptured after the hunt. The horsemen are dressed in rich costumes. One of those in the foreground wears a high turban, the other a pointed hood like the capuchon of a burnous, with a broad-brimmed hat hung upon his back by a cord. The group stands in an open glade under tall overhanging trees, and is in full sunlight from the upper left. Beyond on the right, in the middle distance, is a second group of horsemen engaged in similar sport.

Signed at the lower right, Eug. Fromentin.
Collection of the late A. E. Borie, *Philadelphia.*

No. 21

JEAN LOUIS ANDRÉ THÉODORE GÉRICAULT

1791—1824

STARTING FOR THE RACE, AT ROME

Height, 17½ inches; length, 23½ inches

Extending diagonally away from the right foreground to the left is a line of excited horses with their attendants, restrained from dashing forward by a tightly stretched rope. The animals are evidently about to race without riders, and, excited at the well-remembered sport, are struggling to free themselves from the clutches of their grooms, who have difficulty in mastering them. Behind the line of horses other animals are led into the enclosure, and grenadiers, with their guns, keep back a crowd which is endeavoring to enter between the curtains draping the front of a large spectators' stand, where a crowd of people in multi-colored costumes are seated to watch the race. In the distance beyond the grand stand the corner of a simple stone edifice rises against a luminous sky, and in the extreme left of the picture is a scaffolding upon which various figures are attempting to climb. The foreground group and the spectators' stand are in strong light from the upper left, indicating that the sun is near the zenith.

Collection Crabbe, *Brussels.*
Collection E. Secrétan, *Paris.*
Purchased from Durand-Ruel.

No. 22

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

1814—1875

THE RETREAT FROM THE STORM

Height, 18 *inches; width,* 15 *inches*

A peasant woman and her daughter, who have been in the forest gathering faggots, have been caught in the first fierce gusts of a wintry gale, and they fight their way homeward against the increasing blast. The mother supports the child, who is nearly exhausted in the struggle, by clutching her right arm at the elbow. With a sturdy stride the vigorous peasant woman bends her head to the gale, holding the faggots in her blue apron, tightly clasping the burden to her breast. Her red petticoat is swept across her knees, and a large white shawl enveloping her head flutters far behind her in the wind. The light falls strongly upon the group from the left, bringing into vigorous relief the flesh and the wind-tossed drapery against a lowering sky and sombre landscape.

Signed at the lower left, J. F. Millet.
Collection Seymour, *Paris.*
Collection M. Varnier, *Rheims.*
Purchased from Messrs. Wallis & Son, *London.*

No. 23

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

1814—1875

THE SHEPHERDESS AND HER FLOCK

Pastel

Height, 26 inches; length, 36 inches

A young French peasant girl, knitting in hand, pauses for a moment, in her slow progress across a broad meadow at the head of a flock of sheep, to pick up a dropped stitch. Her head is bowed over her work and, unconscious of her surroundings, she stands in a statuesque attitude, a rough gray cloak draping the upper part of her body and falling down over a blue petticoat, a kerchief bound tightly around her head, and with rough sabots on her feet. Beyond the scattered flock of sheep, which is guarded by a single sheep-dog, a broad expanse of flat meadow extends away to the distant horizon, the simple line of which is broken on the left by farm buildings and clumps of trees, above and to the right of which the full disk of the sun shines through a thin stratum of vapor, the light radiating toward the zenith and touching with a warm glow the gently drifting cloudlets.

Signed at the lower right, J. F. Millet.
Vente J. F. Millet, *Paris,* 1875.
Collection of Mr. James Staat-Forbes, *London.*
Purchased from Mr. Julius Oehme.

No. 24

THÉODORE ROUSSEAU

1812—1867

D. 4900-
C Hinds

LANDSCAPE

Height, 5¾ inches; length, 8½ inches

A muddy road extends away between two steep sandy banks from the foreground to the middle distance, and disappears behind a slight elevation upon which grows an irregular clump of trees, one of which, with rounded foliage, dominates the others in mass and in height, the irregular rounded forms of its dense foliage contrasting sharply against the broad luminous sky and forming an important object near the focus of the composition in effect and in line. The figures of a peasant woman and a child are seen proceeding along the road near the point where it takes a turn to the left, and beyond them, in strong sunlight, are a number of farm buildings and a rank of rounded trees which form the horizon. Luminous cumuli float lazily in the sky near the horizon, and in the upper part of the picture a few spots of blue show above the clouds.

Signed at the lower left, TH. ROUSSEAU.
Collection of the late A. E. BORIE, *Philadelphia.*

No. 25

THÉODORE ROUSSEAU

1812—1867

M 6400
Boussod Valadon & Cie

PAYSAGE EN SOLOGNE

Height, 10½ *inches; length,* 13½ *inches*

It is a glorious day in midsummer. The trees are in full foliage and the meadows are covered with a lush growth of grass and flowers. A soft breath of air sweeps across the landscape, slightly ruffling the surface of the water of an irregular pool which, extending from the foreground to the middle distance, echoes the luminous cloud forms floating high in the sky and softens the reflections of the overhanging trees and the lines of a skiff which is drawn up near the sedgy bank. In the bow of the skiff are two fishermen, and from the tiny bay in which the boat is moored a sandy road winds away to the left through a small grove dominated by a large tree which rises high above it against the sky, and then the road appears again in the middle distance winding away across the meadows. Across the water is a low bank covered by a variety of trees and underbrush, and near the foreground a single boulder crops out of the thick grass. The foreground is in shadow and the sunlight falls broadly upon the middle distance, carrying the eye away across the flat meadows, broken here and there by trees, past farm buildings in the distance to a low horizon line. A stratum of lofty clouds nearly covers the blue of the sky, which shows, however, near the lower part, particularly in a broad band just above the horizon. Here and there gently drifting cumuli, touched by the sun, float along in the gentle breeze, and the warm light upon them is concentrated chiefly behind the tree tops on the right and left of the composition.

Signed at the lower left, TH. ROUSSEAU.
Purchased from DURAND-RUEL.

No. 26

THÉODORE ROUSSEAU

1812—1867

SUNLIGHT

Height, 13½ inches; length, 21½ inches

In the near foreground a small pond of irregular oval shape reflects the brilliant light from the sky and forms a vigorous accent in its shadowy surroundings. Two cows are drinking in the pool, and their keeper sits on the bank just beyond a medium-sized tree which hangs over the pool of water below. Beyond the pond is a broad expanse of pasture land, with two slender poplar trees growing near the pool in the middle distance, and far away in the horizon is seen the church spire of a large village with a low wooded hill beyond, and on the right and left scattered clumps of trees. The sky is entirely filled with masses of drifting vapor, strongly accentuated by the sunlight, which is concentrated near the middle of the picture. Here and there tiny spots of blue show between the clouds.

Signed at the lower left, TH. ROUSSEAU.
Collection of the late A. E. BORIE, *Philadelphia.*

No. 27

THÉODORE ROUSSEAU

1812—1867

TWILIGHT

Height, 16½ *inches; length,* 25 *inches*

The sun has disappeared below the horizon, and the glow of the fast-vanishing sunset light floods a mass of soft clouds in the lower part of the sky, accentuates the forms of a large cumulus on the right and touches the edges of a broad mass of vapor which extends across the top of the picture, throwing it into an agreeable aërial perspective. The landscape is in complete shadow, full of luminous reflections, and a group of tall slender trees, crowned with sparse foliage, forms a prominent mass in a silhouette against the sky, dominating a clump of smaller trees growing above ledges on the left, and marking the crest of a gentle slope which extends off to the right, with here and there scattered trees and bushes and, farther away, a forest, all in strong contrast against the evening sky. In the near foreground, in a rough pasture with scattered bushes and withered grass, is a small pond reflecting the modified glow of twilight from the zenith, and a cow, accompanied by a peasant, stands knee deep in the water in the act of drinking. A small clump of bushes grows near an outcropping ledge of rock on the left of the pond.

Signed at the lower right, TH. ROUSSEAU.
Collection GARNIER, *Paris.*
Collection VAN PRAET, *Brussels.*
Purchased from DURAND-RUEL.

No. 28

CONSTANT TROYON

1810—1865

THE FARRIER

Height, 14 *inches; width,* 10½ *inches*

A peasant smith, with a young assistant, is engaged in examining the forefoot of a shaggy white pony which stands in full sunlight near the entrance to a large rough stone barn. The peasant is dressed in a pale blue blouse, dark blue trousers and sabots, and stands with his back toward the spectator, raising the horse's hoof upon his knees, which are protected by a leather apron. Close at hand stands the youth, wearing a red cap and red trousers, helping to hold the horse's leg. Above the group the façade of the barn, with stone and brickwork showing through the broken plaster, rises out of the picture and is crossed by a grapevine growing at the corner and extending from the eaves to the open door. On the left of the group, beyond a deep shadow cast by the barn and a smaller building behind it, is a bit of hedge, and farther away is a sunlit landscape with the figure of a peasant woman approaching along a narrow path between cultivated fields. Two hens search for their food near the hind legs of the horse, and in the left foreground an earthen crock stands half buried in the ground.

Signed at the lower left, C. Troyon.
Collection Count Van Wissenberg, *Paris,* 1883.
Purchased from Arthur Tooth & Sons.

No. 29

CONSTANT TROYON

1810—1865

$16000 Andrew Freeman

GOING TO MARKET

Height, 21½ inches; length, 25½ inches

A peasant woman, perched on a donkey laden with two panniers filled with vegetables, is followed by a white cow and a small flock of sheep, evidently on the way to market. The cow, after the manner of its kind, scenting a luscious cabbage in one of the panniers, walks close at the heels of the donkey, and the woman, stick in hand, keeps her at a safe distance. In the foreground an active sheep-dog, black, with spotted white face, front paws and breast, dashes across the road, herding the flock of sheep together. The group is in strong sunlight from the left, and the shadows indicate that the sun is fairly high in the heavens. On the left, seen beyond the slope of a small rounded hill, is a glimpse of a broad flat meadow on a small bight of the sea extending to a low line of trees which forms the distant horizon. A mass of low drifting cumuli, vigorously illuminated by the sun, floats lazily in the lower part of the sky, leaving a broad band of blue above, modified by a thin veil of clouds.

Signed at the lower left, C. Troyon.
Collection Count d'Hinnisdal, *Paris,* 1893.
Purchased from L. Crist Delmonico.

F. 41500

No. 30

CONSTANT TROYON

1810—1865

LE RETOUR À LA FERME

Height, 53 inches; width, 38 inches

Strolling along a narrow well-worn path, apparently on their way to pasture, are two cows, one pure white, the other deep brown, and two sheep, all in the warm light of the summer sun, which has not yet reached the zenith. The white cow leads the group and advances directly toward the spectator with her head turned toward the right and alertly raised as if watching an approaching person. Behind her, at some distance, follows her stolid companion, and the two sheep, one of which is about to crop the scant herbage along the path, accompany the cows on the crest of a low bank on the left, under a sturdy old pollard tree which extends nearly to the top of the picture. Beyond the animals is a wide vista over a pleasant pasture land, with a rank of rounded trees in the distance, and over all is a soft summer sky filled with drifting ranks of cumuli, all in strong sunlight. In the immediate foreground on the right an angular piece of outcropping ledge forms a strong accent, casting a deep shadow on the rough ground, against which are relieved the sunlit leaves of a small shrub or weed.

Signed at the lower left, C. TROYON.
Purchased from a private collector of St. Petersburg, Russia, 1894.
From the public sale of the private collection of the late WILLIAM SCHAUS, 1896.

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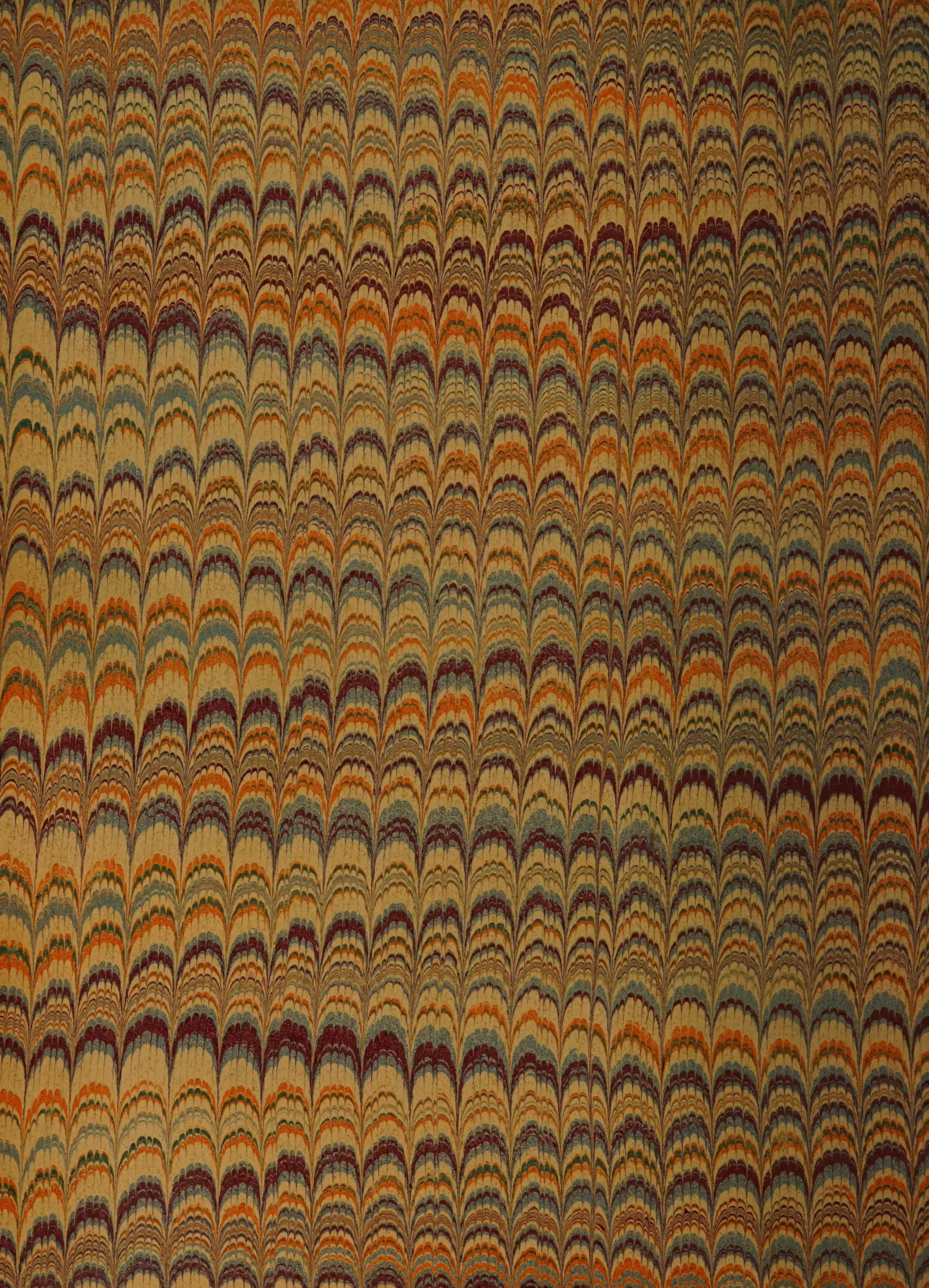

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